

AN
Epitaph of the vertuous

life and death of the right worshipfull Ladie, Dame

Helen Branch of London widow, late the wife of *sir Iohn*

Branch Knight, sometime the Right honourable

Lord Maior of London, and daughter to M.

William Nicolson sometime of London

Draper:

*Which said Ladie, deceased on Wednesday the 10. of April last past:
and lieth interred in the parish Church of S. Mary Abchurch
in London, the 29. of the same month.*

1594.



LONDON

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An Epitaph of the ver=

tuous life and death of the Right worshipfull Ladie,
 Dame *Helan Branch* of London widow, late the wife of Sir *John
 Branch* Knight, sometime the right honorable Lord Maior of Lon-
 don, and daughter of M. *William Nicolson* sometime of London
 Draper: Which said Lady deceased on Wednesday the 10. of
Aprill last past: And lieth interred in the parish Church
of S. Mary Abchurch in London, the 29. of the
same moneth. 1594.

Since that all living things we see, on earth that draweth breath,
 Do at the last returne to dust, and yeeld themselves to death:
 So death vnto the godly ones, is happie end of wo,
 For then doth come the end of cares, that trosse vs too and fro.
 This world is full of snares and trappes, temptations vnto sinne,
 As well in generations past, as this that we liue in.
 Compare our selues vnto a tree, which springeth vp with sap, *Simill.*
 And brings forth branches goodly ones, which taste of Adams hap.
 And as this tree doth grow to strength, the owner of the wood,
 May lop away the branches faire, as them which are not good.
 So hath he lopt away from vs, a Ladie *Branch* of price, *Ladie Branch.*
 That liued here right worshipfull, disdainig euery vice:
 Whose lacke her friends do much bewaile, but specially the poore,
 Whom she continually did feede, abroad, and at her doore.
 Right beautifull, and faire was she, in feature and in face,
 A modest and a vertuous Dame, indued with great grace:
 Daughter to maister *Nicolson*, a Draper wife and sage, *m^r W^m Nicolson*
 A man well giuen to honour God, as well in youth as age.
 She from her infancie in youth, did leade a vertuous life, *m^r Jⁿ Mynors*
 To Maister *Mynors* sage and graue, the first became a wife.

She issue had by him, one sonne, and daughters also three,
 Which all departed very yoong, as Destinies decree.
 When Maister *Mynors* yielded life to God that gaue the same,
 To sir *John Branch*, then late Lord Maior, she was the spoused Dame.
 Right godly and right vertuously, they liued long in ioy,
 With deeds of hospitalitie, wher as they saw annoy.
 Vnto the Drapers Hall also, she in her life time free,
 Gaue fiftie pounds to yoong mens vse, of that good companie:
 From foure yeares vnto foure yeares, still remaining without charge,
 Which was a deed of charitie, and bountie passing large.
 In Abchurch parish where she dwelt, the poore she alwaies fed,
 With mony, meat, with coales for fire, sometimes with drink & bread.
 To the Lunatickes of Bethelam, she gaue right needfull things,
 And not one prison she forgate, from faith such fruite oft springs.
 To Maydes to helpe their marriages, (I meane the poorer sort,)
 She left reliefe as bountifull, vnto their great comfort.
 To Oxford, & to Cambridge both, from whence good learning flows,
 She hath them giuen liberallie, as sequell plainly shewes.
 To the Hospitals of London too, she gaue a great reward,
 And to the poore good store of gownes, she tooke so good regard.
 And as she liued a vertuous life, so godly was her end,
 The which in letters all of gold, deserues well to be pend.
 And now mee-thinks I see and view, the holie Lambe to greet her,
 The Angels and Archangels too, and all the Saints to meet her.
 Mee-thinks I see old *Abraham*, vnbracing of his brest:
 Saying blessed *Branch* come here and sleepe, and take thy quiet rest.
 The Lambe shall wipe away thy teares, his blood hath waht away,
 All worldly cares and blemishes, and here is perfect day.
 Inioy the sweete melodious tunes, with husbands both reioyce:
 Sing Hims & Psalms before the throne, with sweet & pleasant voyce.
 For thou hast cloath'd the naked ones, the hungry thou hast fed:
 Thou hast bene milde and mercifull, relieuing members dead.
 Thou hast not lud my Talents, nor my blessings in the ground:
 Thou hast not bene a waivering reed, but faithfull, strong, and sound.
 Be thou example to the rest, like goodnesse to ensue:
 That they may ioy where thou art blett, thus Ladie good Adue.

F I N I S.

S. P.

Collected by
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